

The Middletown Transcript

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

AT

Middletown, New Castle County, Delaware

PUBLISHED BY

T. S. FOURACRE.

LONG DISTANCE 'PHONE NO. 37.

Entered at the Post Office as second-class matter

MIDDLETOWN, DEL., MAY 21, 1904.

THE UNJUST MARYLAND BALLOT LAW

The Maryland Democrats are building great hopes of success at the next election on the new law abolishing party designations on the ballot in Republican counties. This was one of the shameless partisan laws passed by the recent Legislature. It only applies to eleven counties in the State, and these are not all contiguous. The illiteracy in some of the exempted counties is much greater than in some of those to which the law applies; but these exempted counties are Democratic, which was the only reason for relieving them from the law.

In Howard County, for instance, which is the home county of Senator Gorman and Governor Warfield, there is a much larger illiterate vote than in Garret and some other counties to which the law applies. But Howard is exempt because it is safely Democratic. In the last census year there were 6,000 illiterate white voters in the State, and only 24,000 illiterate colored voters. But this new act is made to apply to 18,000 colored voters and only to about 5000 white voters, and they are in Republican counties. This law applies an educational test to voters living in a few counties only, all of the remainder of the State being exempt.

In the State in general there is a party designation on the ballot, so that an illiterate man can easily be taught to vote his party ticket. In the eleven counties to which the new law applies no party designations are permitted, and each name on the ballot for which the voter desires to vote must be separately marked. As these names are all mixed up and are not in the same order on each ballot, the voter must be able to read them all and to remember which party each name represents. With a large ticket this will be difficult for even an educated voter.

If the law applied to every county in the State, so that all were treated alike, there would be less objection to it. But to apply it to a few counties only, with the avowed purpose of disfranchising Republicans and not Democrats, is disgraceful. By this means it is expected that the new constitutional amendment disfranchising colored men will be adopted. It ought not to be possible for any State to apply a law of this kind to a few counties only; but in the Southern States all sorts of unjust acts have been passed and carried into effect for partisan ends.—*Phila. Press.*

SAFE BREAKERS IN TOWNSEND

Burglars visited Townsend Tuesday night and from the number of safes they got into and the manner in which they did their work leaves no doubt in the minds of the people of that town that the robbers were experts in their line of business. Great excitement prevailed when it became known that the business places of three prominent firms had been entered and in each instance the safe robbery of its contents.

The buildings entered were those occupied by J. M. D. Hart, coal and lumber dealer; Harman Reynolds, dealer in agricultural implements, and Edward Hart, lumber merchant.

The safe in the office of G. M. D. Hart was blown open by the burglars and its contents scattered in every direction. There were, besides some small change a five dollar bill and many valuable papers in the strong box, but the latter were not taken. The small change was gone, but the five dollar bill was overlooked by the intruders and found on the floor beneath some papers.

The safes in the offices of Edward Hart and Harman Reynolds were left open at closing time Tuesday evening and were consequently easy of access. Only \$1 was secured at Hart's place and at Reynolds' about \$5 in change was taken. At the latter place the burglars also secured a gold watch and a supply of cigars.

Five leather pocketbooks containing valuable papers and promissory notes were taken from the safe at Reynolds' place of business but were found neatly piled one on top of the other beneath the wheel of a farm implement standing outside of the building. In one of the pocketbooks were promissory notes to the amount of \$2000, of considerable value to Mr. Reynolds, but no good to robbers.

The news of the robberies caused great excitement when it became known and many curious people gathered around the buildings that had been entered. Several strangers have been seen in the town within the last few days and now that the robbery has been committed suspicion points to them.

FARMERS' ATTENTION

We are now prepared to fill all orders for High Grade Fertilizers for Spring Planting from our warehouse, Middletown, Del.

JESSE L. SHEPHERD,

[Communicated.]
SOME LIGHT ON THE LIGHT AND WATER COMMISSION STATEMENT

EDITOR TRANSCRIPT.—Before me lies your issue of March 19th, 1904, containing a "Financial Statement of the Light & Water Commission showing the Transactions of this Body since its organization on February 22d, 1893."

Seeing that no older and wiser citizen than myself has commented upon this report all these weeks, I venture a few suggestions thereon, not in a spirit of captions criticism, but in hopes to do at least some public service.

From the fact that the report claims to cover their entire work as a Commission from its organization February 22d, 1893 until March 19th, 1904, a period of eleven years and one month lacking three days, I infer that it is their first and only report during that long period.

From the figures given it appears that this joint Light and Water Commission has spent during these eleven odd years the sum of \$109,824.32 of the people's money, and this meager recital—perhaps the best possible after the lapse of so long a time—is, I repeat, their first and only report during that lengthy period of a public trust wherein they have handled the large sum of nearly one hundred and ten thousand dollars of public funds!

Certainly, Mr. Ed., it is a just comment upon this remarkable fact to say that this is neither the usual nor the proper way in which to account for the monies of a public trust.

I do not insinuate that a single penny of that big sum has been dishonestly expended or diverted, but I do say that in this day of wide-spread peculation by those holding fiduciary relations, National, State, municipal—whatnot—graft—graft—everywhere—gentlemen occupying positions of public trust, owe it to themselves not less than to the people, to set the good example of accounting, fully and often and with approved voucher proof, for all their financial doings.

This would make impossible the criticism one hears that this Commission was run as "a close corporation." We suggest that in future these custodians of public monies, give to their principals, the people, those frequent and full statements and reports of their stewardship which are proper and customary in such cases.

2. Let us glance casually at this report.

It is signed by nobody, and so far as appears upon its face, unauthorized. We will assume, however, that it is in fact the duly authorized report of the Light and Water Commission. Why not have the proper officials sign it then? Perhaps the present incumbents are loath to stand sponsors for so venerable a document!

We suggest as to this, the propriety and general practice of signed public reports.

3. But it is not only signed by nobody, but its correctness is vouched for by nobody!

Again we suggest that it is always customary and proper for reports, statements, etc., of persons holding fiduciary relations, to be audited by disinterested third parties.

4. Then, the report, such as it is, is a mere statement of receipts and expenditures, and in no sense whatever a report showing the assets and liabilities of the Light and Water plant.

From the report not even an expert in bookkeeping could tell the true condition of the Commission's affairs e. g. how much they owe, fixed charges, etc.

Would it not be a proper thing for the Commission to take the tax-payers into their confidence and inform them how much the Light and Water Commission owe; the present value of their plant and improvements; the amounts for which they are bonded; how long the bonds run; what rates of interest they bear; and if they were floated at par, or below par, and if so how much—or at a premium; what floating debt, if any, in the shape of notes, accounts, etc., etc?

5. During this period of eleven years there have been burned at the power house over 11,000 tons of coal, the carriage of which at twenty-five cents per ton, has amounted to upwards of \$3000.

It is plain enough now that a mistake was made by the Engineer Cairns in locating the power house so far from the railroad.

Would it not have paid the Commission long ago to build a spur from the railroad to the power house? With second-hand material this could probably be done at small cost, if, indeed, the railroad would not for a nominal sum run such track. For that matter, would not it pay to remove the power house nearer the railroad? Certainly if coal is to be carted eleven years longer, will not the cost of removal, trenching and piping the standpipe be saved well within that time?

Again, if the late boring, No. 1, fails to get drinkable water and enough of it, will it not be best to move the power house and sink wells on a new site somewhere near the railroad?

If it be true, as we have heard, that a number of former wells were fruitlessly sunk at the town's cost without protecting it by a guarantee of water, we are glad to be informed that such guarantee of "no water no pay," has been exacted in this last well. The more pity if it were not always so.

6. Again we are told that till a recent member was added to the Commission, not a member thereof knew the precise number of electric lights they were supplying throughout the town, and for which, of course, they were supposed to receive payments. If this was so, it surely was a loose way of doing business! This laxity, we trust, is also of the past.

7. Once more. We are informed that at one time eight hundred tons of coal were stored upon a vacant lot just east. In a winter of such exceptional rigor would it be unreasonable to suggest that perhaps enough coal was "borrowed" to pay for some sort of shelter to house it securely? Certainly, if coal is habitually stored unprotected in the open, would not the loss soon more than cover the cost of putting it under lock and key? Perhaps not; but we venture yet one more guess that it would.

Now, Mr. Ed., we know the gentlemen composing the Light and Water Commission are giving their services without pay to the town, and therefore no one feels like passing harsh judgment upon their actions; but we do think that in all fairness and candor once they have assumed those highly honorable duties, they owe it to the public and themselves to see to it that they administer the public concerns in a business like fashion and as economically and as carefully as they would their own affairs.

COUNTRYMAN.

SASSAFRAS

Dewey Park will open the first week in June.

Messrs. William and Robert Shallcross left Tuesday for Wilmington.

Miss Mollie Othoson is entertaining relatives from Kent County.

Mrs. John Tarbutton was the guest of Mrs. John F. Ernest Monday.

Mr. Clayton L. Ellison, of Bohemia Manor, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Robinson visited Middleton friends Tuesday.

Miss Alice Dreka left on Monday for a few days' visit to Philadelphia relatives.

Mr. Frederick Boyles, of near Middleton, visited friends in Sassafras Sunday.

Rev. F. C. Cain delivered a fine sermon in the Rehoboth M. P. Church last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Spy entertained Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rosin on Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Snoot of Galena, preached in the M. E. Church last Sunday to a large congregation.

Mr. John R. H. Price and son, of near Warwick, were entertained on Saturday by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ernest.

The Aid Society of the Rehoboth M. P. Church will be entertained by Mr. and Mrs. John Johnston on Wednesday.

There will be a strawberry and ice cream festival under the auspices of the Jr. O. U. A. M. in the Town Hall on Friday and Saturday evenings, May 27th and 28th. All are cordially invited.

2. Let us glance casually at this report.

It is signed by nobody, and so far as appears upon its face, unauthorized. We will assume, however, that it is in fact the duly authorized report of the Light and Water Commission. Why not have the proper officials sign it then? Perhaps the present incumbents are loath to stand sponsors for so venerable a document!

We suggest as to this, the propriety and general practice of signed public reports.

3. But it is not only signed by nobody, but its correctness is vouched for by nobody!

Again we suggest that it is always customary and proper for reports, statements, etc., of persons holding fiduciary relations, to be audited by disinterested third parties.

4. Then, the report, such as it is, is a mere statement of receipts and expenditures, and in no sense whatever a report showing the assets and liabilities of the Light and Water plant.

From the report not even an expert in bookkeeping could tell the true condition of the Commission's affairs e. g. how much they owe, fixed charges, etc.

Would it not be a proper thing for the Commission to take the tax-payers into their confidence and inform them how much the Light and Water Commission owe; the present value of their plant and improvements; the amounts for which they are bonded; how long the bonds run; what rates of interest they bear; and if they were floated at par, or below par, and if so how much—or at a premium; what floating debt, if any, in the shape of notes, accounts, etc., etc?

5. During this period of eleven years there have been burned at the power house over 11,000 tons of coal, the carriage of which at twenty-five cents per ton, has amounted to upwards of \$3000.

It is plain enough now that a mistake was made by the Engineer Cairns in locating the power house so far from the railroad.

Would it not have paid the Commission long ago to build a spur from the railroad to the power house? With second-hand material this could probably be done at small cost, if, indeed, the railroad would not for a nominal sum run such track. For that matter, would not it pay to remove the power house nearer the railroad? Certainly if coal is to be carted eleven years longer, will not the cost of removal, trenching and piping the standpipe be saved well within that time?

Again, if the late boring, No. 1, fails to get drinkable water and enough of it, will it not be best to move the power house and sink wells on a new site somewhere near the railroad?

If it be true, as we have heard, that a number of former wells were fruitlessly sunk at the town's cost without protecting it by a guarantee of water, we are glad to be informed that such guarantee of "no water no pay," has been exacted in this last well. The more pity if it were not always so.

6. Again we are told that till a recent member was added to the Commission, not a member thereof knew the precise number of electric lights they were supplying throughout the town, and for which, of course, they were supposed to receive payments. If this was so, it surely was a loose way of doing business! This laxity, we trust, is also of the past.

7. Once more. We are informed that at one time eight hundred tons of coal were stored upon a vacant lot just east. In a winter of such exceptional rigor would it be unreasonable to suggest that perhaps enough coal was "borrowed" to pay for some sort of shelter to house it securely? Certainly, if coal is habitually stored unprotected in the open, would not the loss soon more than cover the cost of putting it under lock and key? Perhaps not; but we venture yet one more guess that it would.

Now, Mr. Ed., we know the gentlemen composing the Light and Water Commission are giving their services without pay to the town, and therefore no one feels like passing harsh judgment upon their actions; but we do think that in all fairness and candor once they have assumed those highly honorable duties, they owe it to the public and themselves to see to it that they administer the public concerns in a business like fashion and as economically and as carefully as they would their own affairs.

COUNTRYMAN.

SASSAFRAS

Dewey Park will open the first week in June.

Messrs. William and Robert Shallcross left Tuesday for Wilmington.

Miss Mollie Othoson is entertaining relatives from Kent County.

Mrs. John Tarbutton was the guest of Mrs. John F. Ernest Monday.

Mr. Clayton L. Ellison, of Bohemia Manor, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Robinson visited Middleton friends Tuesday.

Miss Alice Dreka left on Monday for a few days' visit to Philadelphia.

Rev. Mr. Snoot of Galena, preached in the M. E. Church last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Spy were entertained on Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ernest.

Rev. Mr. Snoot of Galena, preached in the M. E. Church last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Spy were entertained on Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ernest.

Rev. Mr. Snoot of Galena, preached in the M. E. Church last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Spy were entertained on Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ernest.

Rev. Mr. Snoot of Galena, preached in the M. E. Church last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Spy were entertained on Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ernest.

Rev. Mr. Snoot of Galena, preached in the M. E. Church last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Spy were entertained on Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ernest.

Rev. Mr. Snoot of Galena, preached in the M. E. Church last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Spy were entertained on Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ernest.

Rev. Mr. Snoot of Galena, preached in the M. E. Church last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Spy were entertained on Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ernest.

Rev. Mr. Snoot of Galena, preached in the M. E. Church last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Spy were entertained on Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ernest.

Rev. Mr. Snoot of Galena, preached in the M. E. Church last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Spy were entertained on Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. John F. Ernest.

Rev. Mr. Snoot of Galena, preached in the M. E. Church last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Spy were entertained on Sunday

The Middletown Transcript

Trains Leave Middletown as Follows:

North Bound—3:29, 7:08, 9:22 and 10:23 a. m.;
1:41, 4:17, 5:38 p. m., 7:08, 8:21, 9:18 and 11:38 a. m.;
South Bound—7:50 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m.,
4:30 p. m., 7:18 p. m.

Mails Close as Follows.

Going North—7:20 a. m., 10:05 a. m., 3:50 p. m.,
4:30 p. m., and 9 p. m.
Going South—8:00 a. m., 4:15 p. m., and 9 p. m.
Trunks—7:50 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 11:30 a. m.,
4:30 p. m., and 7:18 p. m.

For Warwick, Cecilton and Earville 9:20 a. m., and 4:45 p. m.

MIDDLETON, DEL., MAY 21, 1904.

Local News.

Removed to the middle room in the Open House. JONES & BRADLEY.

Sweet Potato plants, May 10th, ready to set. E. J. STEELE, Middletown, Del.

Full line of Fresh Groceries at E. F. INGRAM'S.

Fresh Bread, Rolls, Cinnamon Buns every day. JONES & BRADLEY.

Dr. W. E. BARNARD, Surgeon Dentist, office Southeast corner of Main and Scott streets.

June 1st, is the day to bring the Check's for Premiums given at this Store. Mrs. G. W. PETERSON.

For Sale—One Soda Fountain complete, in good order. Address, Lock Box, No. 321.

Removed to the middle room in the Opera House. JONES & BRADLEY.

FOR SALE—1,000 good Chestnut Posts. Apply to C. P. COCHRAN Agt.

Middletown, Del.

Fresh Bread, Rolls, Cinnamon Buns JONES & BRADLEY.

25,000 potted Tomato plants, Earlian Stone, Paragon and Ponderosa, for sale. E. J. STEELE, Florist, Middletown, Del.

We have a fine Stock of Ready-made Wear for Ladies and Children, well made and very reasonable in price. Mrs. G. W. PETERSON.

FOR SALE—Chestnut Fence Posts and Cord Wood. Apply to N. J. WILLIAMS, Middletown, Del.

Removed to the middle room in the Opera House. JONES & BRADLEY.

E. I. Alper, Eye Specialist, East Main street, Middletown. Office hours 8:30 A. M., to 9 P. M., every Saturday.

T. R. BRADEAU,

Evergreen Farm, Odessa, Del.

Until further notice the Middletown Public Library will be open on Tuesday and Saturday afternoons from 3:30 to 5, and Saturday evenings, from 7 to 8:30. Deviled Crabs at JONES & BRADLEY.

FOR SALE—A 12 room house with all modern improvements. Southeast corner Green and Church Streets. Post office given March 25th, 1905. Apply to JOSEPH CLAYTON, Jr., Middletown, Del.

Don't forget the strawberry festival to be held in the Middletown Opera House on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings next, May 24th, 25th and 26th.

We have Pretty Lawn Suits, White Waists, Dressing Sacques. Just what you want for this weather. Call and see them. Mrs. G. W. PETERSON.

The Ladies' Guild of St. Anne's Church will hold a Rummage and Bake Sale on Saturday afternoon and evening, May 21st, in the vacant store room, corner of Main and Broad streets, recently vacated by Baris & Fogel.

Secretary of State Layton has notified the chairman of the Democratic and Republican county committees to send to Governor Hunn by June 1st their lists of names for registrars and assistant registrars, as required by law.

A strawberry festival for the benefit of St. Francis Xavier Church will be held in Mr. Charles Price's grove near Warwick, Md., on Friday and Saturday evenings, May 27th and 28th. Music on Saturday evening. Public is cordially invited.

Unclaimed Letters—The following list of letters remain unclaimed in the post office for the week ending May 12th: Mrs. Maria Beagle, Miss Gertrude Hager, Mrs. Jennie Nailor, Mrs. Rachel Stevens, John Barnes, Mrs. Wm. Page.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Middletown Improvement Company for the election of officers, will be held on Tuesday, June 7th, from 1 to 4 o'clock, P. M., in the Board of Trade rooms on South Broad street. Stockholders are entitled to one vote for each share.

The large sycamore tree which has stood in the rear yard of the Middletown Hotel for almost a century, has been cut down to make room for a new building. This was the largest tree in Middletown, and when removing one of its large limbs, the chimney of the kitchen was knocked off and the building slightly damaged.

The intestate real estate, late of Thomas Jamison, deceased, situated in St. Georges Hundred, consisting of about twenty acres of wood-land, purchased by Sewell C. Biggs, at public vendue, for the sum of one hundred and sixty dollars, was confirmed by the Orphans' Court, at Wilmington, on Wednesday.

The new hardware firm of Redgrave Bros., are busy making ready to open their store in the Town Hall to-day. They are receiving and arranging their new stock, and have all their goods in position. They are young men, and ask a share of the public patronage. Their line will consist of hardware of all kinds, stoves, builders' tools, and householding goods generally.

The Town Council will meet in their Council chamber on Monday evening next, at 8 o'clock, when it desires to have as many of our Tax-payers present as can possibly attend. They will then decide upon the tax-rate for the ensuing year. The commissioners find they will have to make a decided increase in the rate-making it \$1.50 on the \$100, and wish the views of our citizens who feel an interest in the matter.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent at Mr. E. W. Cochran's on Friday, May 13th, it being his eighty-second birthday. Four daughters and two sons were present and two absent. Also nine grand children and one great-grandson, the son

Crab meat at JONES & BRADLEY.

Ladies' Suits, Waists, Skirts, Wrappers and underwear, made at our factory.

Mrs. G. W. PETERSON.

of Mr. Carl Harrington, of Philadelphia, were present. Many calls and telegrams of congratulations were received during the day. Four generations were represented.

In another column will be found the new ad of Pearson's Pharmacy. See what they have to say about the different flavors of delicious soda which is to be had at this fountain.

Mrs. Matilda F. Hurlock, wife of Mr. John D. Hurlock, departed this life at her residence on Lake street on Sunday last, aged 74 years. Funeral services were held at her late home Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock; interment being made in Forest Cemetery.

A reception was tendered to Mrs. R. H. Matlack at the home of Mrs. Mary L. Cox by the W. F. M. Society last Monday evening. Refreshments, consisting of lemonade, ice cream, cake, strawberries were served. Rev. C. T. Wyatt on behalf of the society made some felicitous remarks, to which Mrs. Matlack in fitting words responded. The evening was enjoyed by all who had the good fortune to be present.

There was a big drop in the temperature last Sunday afternoon and in the evening overcasts were out in large numbers. Many people remembered the prediction of a "killing frost" by Media's blind weather prophets and wondered if it were coming true. He prophesied that there would be a frost on the night of May 15th which would ruin fruit. Although it was cold for this time of the year, it is not thought there was any frost and it is not likely that fruit was damaged.

We are indebted to Mr. R. A. Cochran for an exceedingly fine bunch of his "Palmetto Asparagus," which was left at our office on Monday afternoon. The bunch contained 14 very large stocks and weighed three pounds and one ounce. Many who saw the asparagus pronounced it superior to any they had ever seen. Mr. Cochran has been growing asparagus for several years, and is one of the few in this section who has been successful in producing a specimen equal to the finest raised in this country, and always receives the highest market prices for his asparagus in the New York markets.

The annual meeting of "Friends of Old Drawers" will be held at that historic old church edifice on Sunday, June 15th—the first Sunday in June. These events are of more than usual interest and pleasure, aside from the devotional services, it affords the assembly of many persons from far and near to greet each other. At the morning service Rev. William V. Loudenburgh, of Salem, N. J., will preach. In the afternoon a historic address by Judge Pennewill, of Dover, will be given. Both these gentlemen are speakers and their presence should insure a large attendance.

Many of our readers will regret to learn that Postmaster John W. Jolls has handed to Mr. S. C. Biggs, President of the Light and Water Commission, his resignation as a member of that body. Mr. Jolls informs us that he cannot legally serve as a member of the Light and Water Commission while holding a Federal office—hence his resignation. Mr. Jolls was elected on May 7th for a term of five years, and the announcement of his resignation was a great surprise to his numerous friends. He was Secretary for the Commission and has devoted much of his valuable time during the past eleven years in looking after the interests of the Light and Water plant.

NOTES
H. Pool has improved very much in his target shooting of late.

Kates is coming fast and came within two inches of making 30 per cent. His shooting is a good one under the circumstances.

Frank Pool held off a little Thursday and we think is laying low for someone on Decoration Day, as in two practice shots just previous to this one, he was high gun.

An interesting shoot will be held on Decoration Day commencing at 1 o'clock, when several prizes including a double barrel Ithaca hammerless gun will be shot for.

ODESSA

Mr. John West was a Dover visitor on Tuesday.

Mr. George W. Heldmeyer has been spending this week in Philadelphia.

Mr. Joseph Heldmeyer was a Philadelphia visitor Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Frank Davis and son Harrison, of Middletown, are spending some time with her mother, Mrs. H. Vandegrift.

Mrs. L. M. Williams and M. Arters attended the State Prohibition Convention held in Wilmington on Tuesday.

Mrs. A. S. Whittock, of near town, is entertaining Mrs. E. H. Jacobson.

Miss Louise N. Corbit is spending this week in Wilmington and Washington, D. C.

Minnie M. Long, of Wilmington, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Long.

Mrs. Luis Thompson has returned to Philadelphia after spending sometime with her cousin, Mrs. E. S. Stevens.

Mrs. William R. Davis and son Mailly returned home to-day after spending a few days with friends in Wilmington.

Mrs. Annie P. Ward attended the funeral of her sister in Chester, Pa., on Wednesday.

Mrs. Snyder, of Philadelphia, is the guest of Mrs. William H. West near town.

On last Sunday afternoon the Sunday School of M. E. Church commenced rehearsing for Children's Day, which will be the second Sunday in June.

WARRICK

H. M. Eaton is in Wilmington, Del.

Annie Wilson is convalescent after a short spell of sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamel Bouchelle spent Sunday near Cecilton.

Charles Vinyard was the guest of W. T. Vinyard on Sunday.

Mrs. Eva Holden spent part of last week with Townsend friends.

Mrs. R. M. Day was the guest of Mrs. George Goldsborough one day this week.

The farmers say the asparagus crop is quite large, and good prices are being realized.

The Rev. B. S. Cain spent Wednesday and Thursday in Baltimore and Washington, D. C.

Miss Elizabeth Aiken, of Delaware City, Del., spent Sunday with her cousin, Miss Mamie Merritt.

Washington Camp, No. 8, P. O. S. of A. will hold an ice cream festival in the near future. See posters.

The Rev. W. D. Listering, of Baltimore, Md., who has been at his father's visit a next month.

The Rev. W. D. Listering, of Baltimore, Md., was the guest of Uriel P. Gunn a few days during the past week.

Mrs. C. Richard Manlove and daughter Gladys of near Middletown, spent Sunday with Mrs. W. J. B. Lovland.

The small boy has his eye on the bill of the Electric Concert Company, which is to visit our town Monday next.

Mrs. and Mrs. Lydia Overdale, of Smyrna, Del., were entertained by their mother, Mrs. Lydia Overdale, last Sunday.

Senior Christian Endeavor prayer meeting-morrow evening at the usual hour. Topic: "False and True Ambitions." Matt. 20:20-28.

Mr. Kates Price has accepted a position as fireman on the railroad and left for Delmar Monday. He will run from

We understand the members of St. Francis Xavier C. Church will hold a strawberry and ice cream festival in Price's Grove on Friday and Saturday evenings, May 27th and 28th.

Signed, W. D. KING, P. G.

J. F. DEAKINS, P. G.

D. W. STEVENS, V. G.

PERSONALITIES

Miss Clara M. Price was in Wyoming Wednesday.

Mr. W. S. Letherbury was in Philadelphia Thursday.

Miss Ella Burchard spent Sunday with Townsend friends.

Mr. Frederick Crouch is spending sometime with his parents.

Mr. John E. Gunn was in Wilmington and Philadelphia this week.

Mrs. H. R. Jones, of Ridley Park, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Cox.

Mrs. T. S. Fournier and son Claude, are guests of relatives in Milford and Frederica.

Mr. Lucien Green, of Delaware College, was a visitor in town several days of the past week.

Miss Bessie Numbers, of Clayton, was the guest of her cousins, Misses Sybil and Alice Jones, several days this week.

Mr. W. H. Downey, of Wilmington, was the guest of relatives in Middletown and Townsend over Sunday.

The many friends of Mr. H. C. DeValinger will be glad to learn that his condition is somewhat improved at this writing.

Mrs. Eugene M. Hanson and two daughters Kathryn and Margaret, of New York City, spent last week with their relatives in town.

MIDDLETOWN SHOOTING ASSOCIATION

At a practice shoot on Thursday evening, a few members of the M. S. A. passed a pleasant hour shooting targets.

The last event on the program was a 25-target handicap for the Club's Silver Medal. In this event H. Pool stood at 14 yards; F. Pool and Metten at 16 yards and Massey and Barnard at 18 yards rise.

MISS CLARA M. PRICE

At a practice shoot on Thursday evening, a few members of the M. S. A. passed a pleasant hour shooting targets.

The last event on the program was a 25-target handicap for the Club's Silver Medal. In this event H. Pool stood at 14 yards; F. Pool and Metten at 16 yards and Massey and Barnard at 18 yards rise.

MISS CLARA M. PRICE

At a practice shoot on Thursday evening, a few members of the M. S. A. passed a pleasant hour shooting targets.

The last event on the program was a 25-target handicap for the Club's Silver Medal. In this event H. Pool stood at 14 yards; F. Pool and Metten at 16 yards and Massey and Barnard at 18 yards rise.

MISS CLARA M. PRICE

At a practice shoot on Thursday evening, a few members of the M. S. A. passed a pleasant hour shooting targets.

The last event on the program was a 25-target handicap for the Club's Silver Medal. In this event H. Pool stood at 14 yards; F. Pool and Metten at 16 yards and Massey and Barnard at 18 yards rise.

MISS CLARA M. PRICE

At a practice shoot on Thursday evening, a few members of the M. S. A. passed a pleasant hour shooting targets.

The last event on the program was a 25-target handicap for the Club's Silver Medal. In this event H. Pool stood at 14 yards; F. Pool and Metten

THAT MYSTERIOUS MAJOR

The rambling old-fashioned hotelery of the "Royal George" had stood upon the green hillside overlooking the now fashionable waterplace of Saltelife from the time when that picturesque and prosperous town consisted of little more than a few fisherman's huts and diminutive lodging houses. But, though hotels and boarding houses—magnificent structures which gave quite an appearance of superiority to the small town—had sprung up on all sides, the little hotelery still held its own. Indeed the "Royal George" though quite as retired, was still as prosperous as it had been forty years before, when the huge signboard upon which the monarch after whom it was named was displayed, looking as gorgeous and king-like as his crown and an unlimited quantity of somewhat stiff-looking ermine could make him, hung over the narrow little doorway, with the name of the worthy proprietor, "Andrew Gilibrand," set out in gilded letters below. And, as one stood in the lovely quiet old garden and gazed around at the stretches of down and the heather-grown cliffs beyond, one could hardly believe the changes which had been effected scarcely a mile away.

It was late one evening toward the end of July when a stranger who had just arrived sauntered leisurely into the large dining-room of the "Royal George" and gave orders for dinner to be prepared for him immediately.

He was a tall, dark, striking-looking man, with a soldierly bearing and a decidedly distinguished air; and, as he crossed over towards the bay-window and sat down at a small table, the waiters paused involuntarily with their white table napkins strewed over their arms and trays of jingling glass held up high above their heads, whilst Josiah Williamson, under whose charge that particular table happened to be placed, mentally decided that he was in for a little luck at last.

What will you take, sir, he began, with an air of expectation—soupe à la Reine, Bouillabaisse, or Julliene?

Bring me anything you have ready,

said the stranger brusquely. Yet to think, he murmured to himself as he took up the wine card and lazily studied the long list—to think that the last time I was here, twenty years ago, Andrew Gilibrand was brewing his own ale! It was certainly a primitive bit of fate that he had to offer his customers then—a only hand and eggs and bread and cheese and a pint of his prime October—to day he has all the delicacies of the season. How things change, to be sure!

Then he turned and looked out of the open window. There however the change was not so remarkable. The "Royal George" had always possessed a lovely garden; and, if the grass was a little closer, the flowers were more *recherche*, prim roses of caleolaria, geraniums, and stately dahlia taking the place of the quaint old clumps of sweet williams, marigolds, and pinks, the change was not so great as to strike him with the same force as naturally did the interior.

This evening the garden had a very serene untroubled air. The tennis courts were deserted, the chairs under the trees unoccupied, and, excepting for the gentle lapping of the water upon the shingly beach, scarcely a sound disturbed the dreamy stillness of the July evening.

It is an idyllic place, I suppose, mused the stranger, but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about.

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud; and, just as the words left his lips, as though to dispense the truth of them, a handsome black French poole came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of untroubled composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

You bad dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?

But here her care for Master Sambo was unmercifully cut short, as, raising her head, she suddenly encountered the stare of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

Thank you—that will do. He closed the book and pushed it aside.

I am sorry to trouble you, sir, but—the waiter placed an inkstand and pens at his elbow—perhaps you kindly understand my name?

Certainly, sir—I will bring it at once.

And the waiter smiled to himself as he followed the direction of the stranger's eyes and then turned away. It was astonishing what an amount of interest he could raise by the mere mention of Miss Luttrell and her ten or twelve thousand a year!

Great was his disappointment however, as he laid the book on the table and opened it at the page at which it had begun to open naturally, to find that, instead of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

At the time he was addressing the stranger, but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about.

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud; and, just as the words left his lips, as though to dispense the truth of them, a handsome black French poole came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of untroubled composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

You bad dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?

But here her care for Master Sambo was unmercifully cut short, as, raising her head, she suddenly encountered the stare of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

Thank you—that will do. He closed the book and pushed it aside.

I am sorry to trouble you, sir, but—the waiter placed an inkstand and pens at his elbow—perhaps you kindly understand my name?

Certainly, sir—I will bring it at once.

And the waiter smiled to himself as he followed the direction of the stranger's eyes and then turned away. It was astonishing what an amount of interest he could raise by the mere mention of Miss Luttrell and her ten or twelve thousand a year!

Great was his disappointment however, as he laid the book on the table and opened it at the page at which it had begun to open naturally, to find that, instead of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

At the time he was addressing the stranger, but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about.

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud; and, just as the words left his lips, as though to dispense the truth of them, a handsome black French poole came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of untroubled composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

You bad dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?

But here her care for Master Sambo was unmercifully cut short, as, raising her head, she suddenly encountered the stare of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

At the time he was addressing the stranger, but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about.

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud; and, just as the words left his lips, as though to dispense the truth of them, a handsome black French poole came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of untroubled composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

You bad dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?

But here her care for Master Sambo was unmercifully cut short, as, raising her head, she suddenly encountered the stare of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

At the time he was addressing the stranger, but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about.

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud; and, just as the words left his lips, as though to dispense the truth of them, a handsome black French poole came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of untroubled composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

You bad dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?

But here her care for Master Sambo was unmercifully cut short, as, raising her head, she suddenly encountered the stare of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

At the time he was addressing the stranger, but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about.

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud; and, just as the words left his lips, as though to dispense the truth of them, a handsome black French poole came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of untroubled composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

You bad dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?

But here her care for Master Sambo was unmercifully cut short, as, raising her head, she suddenly encountered the stare of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

At the time he was addressing the stranger, but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about.

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud; and, just as the words left his lips, as though to dispense the truth of them, a handsome black French poole came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of untroubled composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

You bad dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?

But here her care for Master Sambo was unmercifully cut short, as, raising her head, she suddenly encountered the stare of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

At the time he was addressing the stranger, but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about.

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud; and, just as the words left his lips, as though to dispense the truth of them, a handsome black French poole came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of untroubled composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

You bad dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?

But here her care for Master Sambo was unmercifully cut short, as, raising her head, she suddenly encountered the stare of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

At the time he was addressing the stranger, but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about.

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud; and, just as the words left his lips, as though to dispense the truth of them, a handsome black French poole came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of untroubled composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

You bad dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?

But here her care for Master Sambo was unmercifully cut short, as, raising her head, she suddenly encountered the stare of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

At the time he was addressing the stranger, but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about.

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud; and, just as the words left his lips, as though to dispense the truth of them, a handsome black French poole came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of untroubled composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

You bad dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?

But here her care for Master Sambo was unmercifully cut short, as, raising her head, she suddenly encountered the stare of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

At the time he was addressing the stranger, but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about.

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud; and, just as the words left his lips, as though to dispense the truth of them, a handsome black French poole came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of untroubled composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

You bad dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?

But here her care for Master Sambo was unmercifully cut short, as, raising her head, she suddenly encountered the stare of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

At the time he was addressing the stranger, but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about.

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud; and, just as the words left his lips, as though to dispense the truth of them, a handsome black French poole came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of untroubled composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

You bad dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?

But here her care for Master Sambo was unmercifully cut short, as, raising her head, she suddenly encountered the stare of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

At the time he was addressing the stranger, but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about.

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud; and, just as the words left his lips, as though to dispense the truth of them, a handsome black French poole came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of untroubled composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

You bad dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?

But here her care for Master Sambo was unmercifully cut short, as, raising her head, she suddenly encountered the stare of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

At the time he was addressing the stranger, but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about.

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud; and, just as the words left his lips, as though to dispense the truth of them, a handsome black French poole came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of untroubled composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

You bad dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?

But here her care for Master Sambo was unmercifully cut short, as, raising her head, she suddenly encountered the stare of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

At the time he was addressing the stranger, but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about.

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud; and, just as the words left his lips, as though to dispense the truth of them, a handsome black French poole came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of untroubled composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

You bad dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?

But here her care for Master Sambo was unmercifully cut short, as, raising her head, she suddenly encountered the stare of the stranger's eyes being directed at everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where in easily decipherable letters, was written—Gibert Falkland's extensive will list.

At the time he was addressing the stranger, but it would drive me mad if I thought I had to stay here a moment longer than twenty-four hours. There does not seem to be a soul about.

His closing sentence was spoken half aloud; and, just as the words left his lips, as though to dispense the truth of them, a handsome black French poole came trotting into the middle of the room with an air of untroubled composure decidedly at variance with the aspect of his mistress, who a moment later suddenly appeared in the open doorway with a rather bewildered expression upon her face.

You bad dog, Sambo! I was just wondering if you could have found your way here. Could you give him a bone, Henry?

But here her care for Master Sambo was